

THE CIRCLE

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ISSUE 3





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On The Cover . . .

The cover is a hand-tinted black and white photograph of Grady's Barber Shop in Athens, Alabama by Marian Carcache.

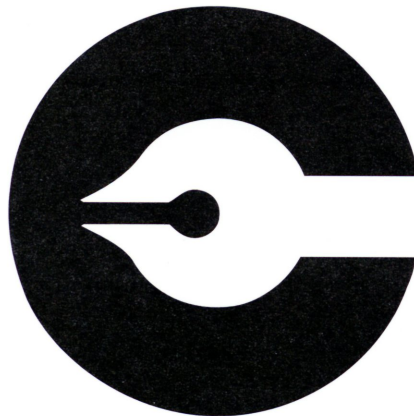
THE CIRCLE

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SUBMISSIONS

The Circle accepts works from students, staff and alumni of Auburn University. Prose, poetry, essays and articles should be typed or legibly hand-written. *The Circle* has access to IBM and Macintosh computers. All artwork submitted remains in *The Circle* offices and is photographed to reduce risk of damage. We accomodate artwork of any size and shape. Slide submissions are accepted. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our Gallery section. All submissions become property of *The Circle* on a one-time printing basis, with reserved rights for possible reprinting of material at a later date.

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THE LEGAL STUFF

The Circle, financed by advertising and student activity fees, serves as a forum for the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse audience by providing a variety of short stories, poetry, art and photography. *The Circle* is published three times a year; fall, winter, and spring, with an average distribution of 4,000 copies. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications,) those companies advertising in *The Circle*, *The Circle* Editors and staff, Auburn University, its administration, student body, Board of Trustees, or a big dog named Ed.

Editor's Note

As I prepared to assume editorship of **The Circle** this fall, I thought for a long time about my plans, goals, and ideas for the magazine. I brought a great amount of ideological baggage, idealism, and enthusiasm to the position, most of which is still intact. I say "most of which" because I realized more and more every day that the magazine could not successfully continue as it was.

Although **The Circle's** official title is "Auburn's General Interest Magazine," this parameter is so vague that attempting to work within it is an exercise in frustration. Every editor is faced with interpreting it for himself or herself; there is no clearly defined standard or guideline to follow.

This individual interpretation is a double-edged sword, a guessing game to be played with **The Circle's** audience and university authorities. If you guess right, everyone is happy with you and you face fewer obstacles at the SGA Budget and Finance hearings each year. If you guess wrong, you are bombarded with complaints from all sides, as well as negative reviews from

The Plainsman.

Now it is my turn to play the guessing game, and I am guessing that the best model for me to follow in determining the content of the issues I produce is the first few issues of **The Circle**, published in 1974 and founded in a spirit of healthy intellectual skepticism, curiosity, and good thought-provoking journalism. Thom Botsford and company did not seem to worry about scraping together enough non-fiction articles to slide by under the "general interest" approval wire, which has been the recent trend. Instead, their biggest concern seemed to be providing Auburn with a well-rounded dose of brain food; genuinely investigative journalism on timely issues, well-chosen poetry and fiction, and art and photography to challenge the eye as well as the mind.

The New Yorker is excellent proof that "general interest" magazines can exist and prosper in the rest of the world. Unfortunately, this has not been the case in Auburn. Faced with an overwhelming lack of well-written journalistic feature articles and non-

fiction essays, the staff of **The Circle** has been forced to dredge up anything remotely "general interest" as proof that we're playing by the rules and at least **trying** to do our job. We have advertised for submissions in these areas, contacted department heads, sent out appeals on WEGL, and pleaded with everyone we know. Aside from this issue's story on a Native American archaeological artist, we were unsuccessful.

Therefore, this issue cannot claim to be "general interest"—at least not by the university's definition. However, I prefer to think that English majors aren't the only ones interested in poetry, fiction, art, and photography. In a time when William S. Burroughs is appearing on Nike commercials, WEGL is sponsoring a spoken-word radio show, poets like Maggie Estep and Henry Rollins are hitting the big time on MTV, and new art galleries and museums are springing up everywhere, everyone can afford to be a little more creative.

Amy E. Weldon, Editor, 1994-1995

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Smudges

Jay Pogonis —————

memory — a window
bears upon its pane
the impish nose-smears
and fingerprints of me —
blotches of other me's
scrawled upon the window —
I watch the countryside
flicker past the train-window—
 (it seemed to pass too fast:
 plasticized by the scratched
 plexiglass portal, *did you*
 feel the wind I didn't feel
 the wind but I smelled the
 window *but I saw the trees*
 saw the homes saw the children
 smelled the window *but I didn't*
 feel the wind I didn't feel
 I didn't feel I didn't dream
 I was they were there I know)
the station screams
until it swallows
my window
and the balding man —
with the blackleather
briefcase —
with the blackplastic
glasses/
smears and smudges
all over them/
stares from my seat
at me on the platform—
unsheathes his
lace-edged silken handkerchief
and cleans the smudged glass
folds it appropriately away
and begins to peruse
his newspaper — frowns
at his blacksmear'd
hands —/jumping at the
lonely train-howl
I look at my hands
stare at the oil leaking
invisibly from my fingers —
a quick brush on my pants
to erase the memory —

midnightrequiem

Van Muse —————

I assured moon last night
that my anxiety
would not interfere with our
nightly game
playing tag
through 4 a.m. city
jumping from streetcar to streetcar

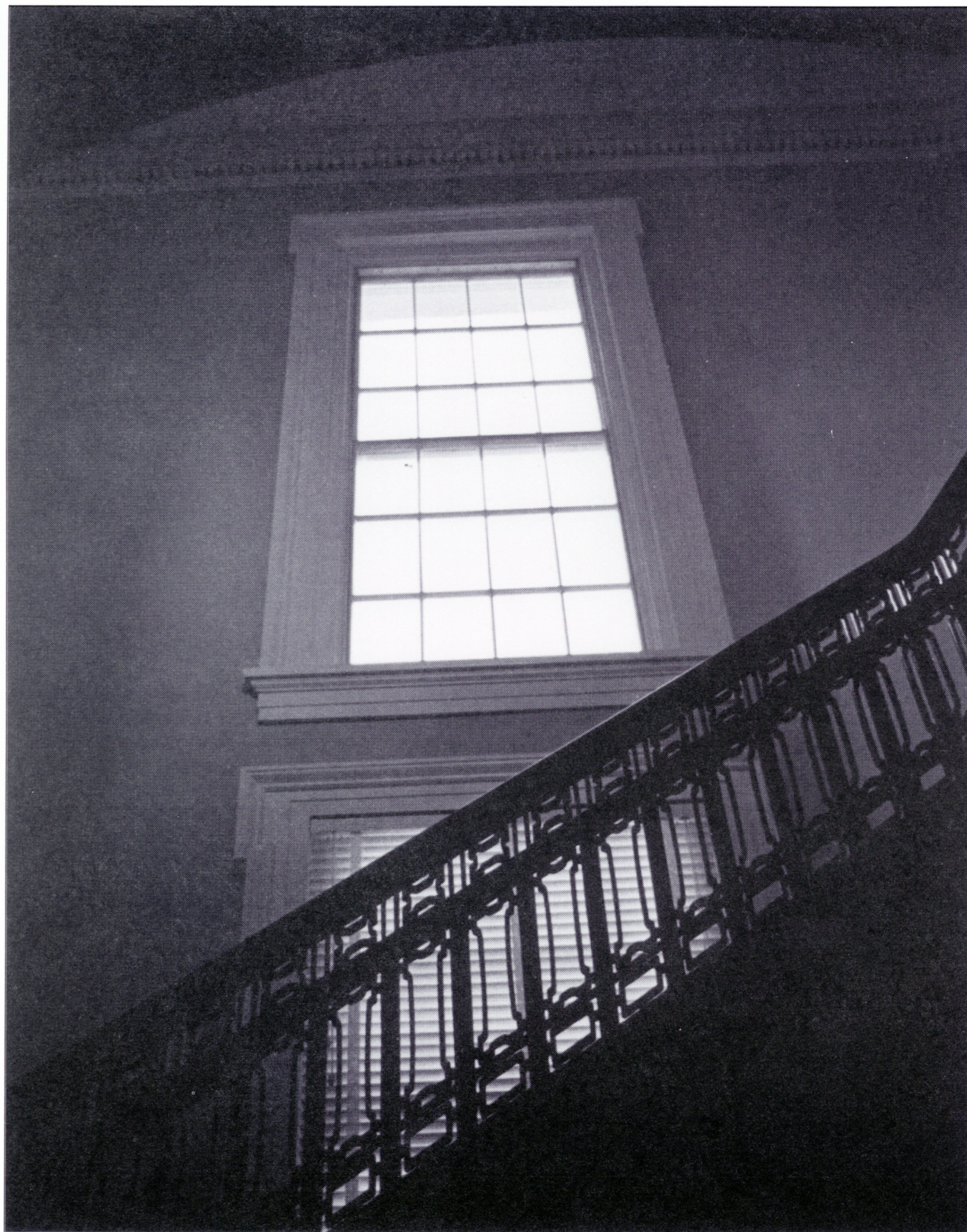
I want silence
He wants sex

We want peaches
with rich cream
curdling
in sickly light
I trail him in sky
like a monster-kite
watching patient
and sublime

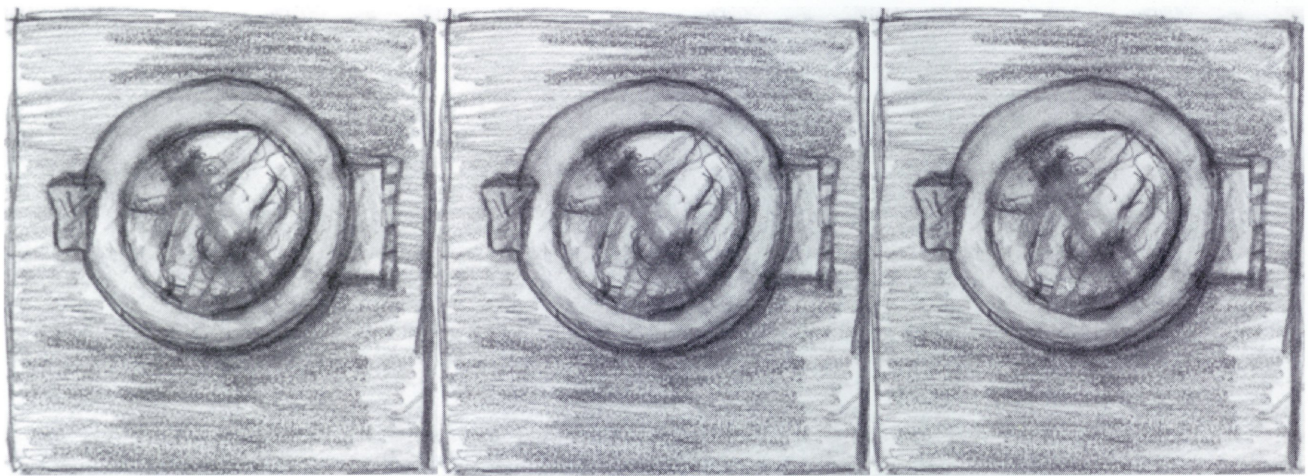
I douse my body in kerosene
forging benign phoenix
in supermarket aisles
as He
activates
silent eye
of automatic door
We:
stuff potatoes in our armpits
rolling refried bean cans
in our invasion of aisle nine

our fun will end
perchedbesideemptybottles
a honky-tonk refuge

tonight, I am the astronaut
You are meteor
a vampire burning in morning sun



Untitled -*Richard Reading*



I Think I'm in College

Isabelle Wells

I'm sitting here in the laundry room on Friday night, realizing that I'm in college. Through the dryer's glass window I can watch my sweater tumble over and over, plunging to the bottom only to climb back up the side. Three washers down from me there is a blonde girl filing her nails. She is playing with the curlers in her hair and watching her skirt being abused by the dryer, and I wonder if she knows we are in college now. Maybe she's thinking about if the shirt she picked out will go with her skirt, or if she should borrow her roommate's sweater, and if she wears the skirt, will her date like it? I know that Pete, a boy I started seeing five months and three days ago, likes my sweater, but I also know it doesn't matter what I wear. We are going

"out" tonight, which means renting another movie he will never see. Pete will want to tumble around on the couch with me, like my sweater that is tumbling in the dryer. Then I'll say no, and he'll ignore me, and I'll say yes to regain his attention.

I know I'm in college now because it's Friday night, and I spent two dollars to wash one sweater for some boy's attention. I know the only reason I want his attention is because I miss my mom. It's been six months since she brought me here to college. She left after twelve hours of fighting with me about where my desk should go because she knew "where it would make me happy. No one knows you like your mother." She cried as she finally walked down the hall, the same

hall where her mother had cried over twenty-five years earlier. She came around to my window to say good-bye again. I didn't hear her because I had already gone upstairs to meet my friends, but my dad told me and we laughed, thinking about a forty-three year old woman with a doctorate talking to a window. Pete doesn't make me laugh like my dad does; I really don't remember Pete ever making me laugh.

The blonde girl thinks I'm staring at her and she smiles at me like we should know each other because we're washing clothes at the same time. Sarah, my suitemate, just came in to ask if she could borrow my red turtle-neck because Bob loves red, and . . . I can see her mouth moving but I stopped listening because her

conversations are always the same. I have even memorized when to smile and nod my head. Sarah doesn't know we're in college. She acts like we're all at summer camp or some big slumber party. She doesn't know we are supposed to be preparing for the future. In U.S. News, which I got my parents to order for me so I could seem intelligent and get mail, there are twenty-three and twenty-four-year-olds who just graduated from college and are starting their own businesses. I'm going to be twenty in seven months, and I don't even know what I'm majoring in. Those people in U. S. News knew they were in

college. They probably knew exactly what to major in and never dated anyone who tumbled all over them.

Sarah is finished with her story now, and she is waiting for me to say something. I tell her my red turtleneck will go great with her skin tone and John, no, he was last week, Bob is a fool not to ask her to his fraternity party. I have said what Sarah wants to hear, which is the only way she will listen, and she tells me what a good friend I am because I listen so well and always know just what to say, and she smiles and hugs me in her joy. The blonde girl on the washer has been lis-

tening to Sarah's story, and I can tell by her envious smile that the skirt in the dryer is for someone she hopes to meet. As Sarah begins to leave, she reminds me how lucky I am to have Pete because I never have to play the dating game. I want to tell her that to Pete everything is a game and that I only date him because I'm scared of being alone. Instead I tell her to wait up because my sweater is done, and I don't want to walk back by myself.



Metro -Ashley Wright

My Brother's Hands

Elaine Posanka

On grocery shelves
among canisters of lemon-flavored
artificially sweetened ice tea mix
I find the squat bottle
yellow-green labeled
sassafras extract.

At home, mixed with water and sugar
the sweet tang reminds me
of my brother's hands.
Grit under fingernails, his open palms
show me soft mitten-shaped
leaves, underneath thick roots
twisted like our grandfather's fingers.

In my mother's kitchen he brewed
roots into tea.
Stirring, with the cracked wooden spoon,
the sharp silty drink he could make himself.
How the steam mixed with humid
summer. Dirty fingerprints on his sweating brow.

Even cold, sassafras tea smells of the woods
next to our house, and his fists
that could also hold secrets tightly.
I remember brown knuckles that climbed trees,
grew tiger lilies, and knew
from which end to pick up a snake.
By the tail, he lied to me, as far
from the mouth as possible.

Blood Brothers

Jeremy V. Jones

From the back porch of my house I can see 211 West Sixth Street. There's a gravel alley just on the other side of our wooden back fence, and 211 is right behind that. My best friend Ricky Chambers used to live in that old two-story Victorian. I have lived in the same house since I was born, and Ricky had always lived right behind me, until five years ago. His house is empty now, and you can see white paint peeling off the dormers in the afternoon sun. My mother used to say that good neighbors are the heart of the community. That was when I was too young to know that a heart can go bad, and that an innocent boy can die as a result.

If I could do my life, this far, over again, I'd go back to that summer before Ricky and I were sixth graders at Chestnut Elementary School. It was the summer that Ricky and I built our Indian fort out underneath the pecan trees on Uncle Sid's farm. We piled up small logs and sticks into a teepee-shaped mound. It wasn't big enough for us to fit inside, but we'd pretend it was the sacred chief's teepee. We stored our weapons inside—our spears and tomahawks that we made from fallen branches. We'd pretend to kill whole armies of enemy tribes and pioneers with them. For our hunting and warrior training we would

throw our stick-spears at the grackles that perched in the branches overhead.

We became blood brothers at the fort. We took off our shirts and smeared streaks of mud on our faces as war paint, and we used my lock-blade Buck knife to prick our pinkies. We bound them together with a leather cord to make sure the blood would mix. Then we swore to each other by the Great Spirit and our Indian honor that we would always be brothers and that we would die for each other if we had to.

Sometimes I'd do anything to see Ricky again and to know that everything that happened that summer had really been a bad dream like Mr. Chambers' defense attorney had made the jury believe. But I know it's real, and every time I look out my bedroom window or go into the back yard and see that old house I know that my best friend and blood brother is dead. Our blood brother vow didn't work.

I remember the courtroom. Abbeville is the county seat of Kershaw County. City Hall had been built back in the late 1880's and renovated in the 1950's. The tile floor was shiny and you could hear sand grit under the lawyers' shoes when they paced slowly in front of Judge Thomason and the jury. Heavy oak rails separated

the front of the court and the different official sections. The room smelled like old musty wood, and everything seemed big, especially Judge Thomason. I wondered if God sat up behind a towering wooden desk like the judge did.

"Your Honor," said Mr. Chambers' attorney, "Jack Chambers is a church-going man who loves his wife and children. He would never do anything to hurt his family."

Most everyone in town knew Mr. Chambers. He ran Newcastle Drugs on Magnolia Avenue downtown. It had been around for forty-five years. He had taken it over for Mrs. Chambers' dad. Ricky and I used to go by after school, and he would give us free ice cream sandwiches. We'd take them three blocks and eat them while we watched the barges head down the Savannah River toward the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Chambers had always been nice to me, but I knew how he got when he'd been drinking.

I think that home was the only place Mr. Chambers would drink. Maybe that's why the jury and town had believed him—they saw what Mr. Chambers wanted them to see. They didn't want their neat images of the town to be shaken up. More and more, though, Ricky and I had seen him come home from the

store and unlock the liquor cabinet in his study and begin downing glasses of golden liquid. After a while, his face would start to get red and his voice got louder from the study. He sounded mad, and he talked kind of funny too, like his tongue was in slow motion. Sometimes I couldn't understand him.

On those evenings, Mrs. Chambers would

say, "Kevin, I think it's time for you to go home now."

Ricky would answer, "Mom, is it all right if I eat dinner at Kevin's?"

"If it's o.k. with Mrs. Griffin, honey."

It was always o.k. with Mom, and Ricky ate dinner a lot of nights with us that summer. I didn't know it then, but Newcastle Drugs was losing a lot of business to the new Wal-Mart that had just opened up out on Beaufort Highway.

A lot of nights that summer I would hear our secret whistle — two high notes, a low, and another high — below my bedroom window. If I was awake enough, I'd whistle back. Either way Ricky would climb the old hickory tree onto the porch roof and climb into my second-story window. It was always open. Sometimes along with the hum of the ceiling fan and the cicadas. I could hear him trying not to cry as he went to sleep on the pull-out part of my

trundle bed. We spent a lot of nights out at the Indian fort, too, that summer.

The lawyer spoke very confidentially. "Jack Chambers had been drinking the night of August

"You have to swear Indian Honor that you'll never tell anybody, or you'll get your tongue cut out."

12. And, yes, on this rare occasion he had a bit too much. Many of us have taken a drink in a time of trouble. Jack had just finished in the red for the third straight month. He knew he wouldn't be able to meet payroll for the pay period, and the bank was pressing him for the mortgage of Newcastle Drugs."

The defense attorney paused, motioned toward Mr. Chambers, looked deliberately at the jury, and continued.

"But you must realize that Jack loved his son. On that night, he tripped on the hall rug and fell forward, accidentally knocking his son Ricky down the stairs."

Mr. Chambers was crying. His gray-tinged hair fell down onto his forehead. His glasses were off and his eyes and face were red. He stared down at his hands. I had seen him look like this before. He looked much the same way when he was drinking, except now he looked smaller.

I had never actually seen Mr.

Chambers hit Ricky, but I had seen bruises on Ricky's back and legs as early as September of last year. He told me he'd had a bike wreck. But when his shoulder was purple two weeks later, he told me that his dad had hit him.

"But he was real sorry. He said so, and he said he'd never do it again, and he's taking me fishin' this weekend to make up for

it. But he made me promise not to tell. You have to swear Indian honor that you'll never tell anybody or you'll get your tongue cut out."

"I swear. Indian honor."

By June, the welts and bruises on Ricky's back came pretty often. A lot of them were on his shoulders or back. You couldn't see them if he had a shirt on. Twice, though, the ugly markings showed up on Ricky's face — once his cheek was cut and puffy red, and once the skin all around his eye changed from purple to black to a kind of greenish-yellow color before it got better. He told my mom that he'd had a bike wreck and been in a fight with Rod Culbert, one of the bullies from the trailer parks on the south side of town. Mrs. Chambers had told the same story when my mom had mentioned it to her. She would never say anything against her husband, not even on the witness stand. I used to wonder if it was love or fear — maybe even terror

— that let her lie even when her son was dead. But now I think that maybe Mrs. Chambers really believed the lies she told, that she had made them truth in her own mind in order to keep something of her world together.

"Your Honor, we the jury find the defendant, Jack Chambers, not guilty."

A heavy darkness fell around me, and the sound of the judge's gavel seemed like thunder. My heart pounded in my temples as I pressed my way through the courtroom crowd and ran the six blocks home to my bike and rode eight miles as hard as I could out to Uncle Sid's and the Indian fort. My clothes were soaked through. Sweat ran down my face. I threw myself onto the dust in front of the fort. My lungs burned and I gasped for breath. It felt like I couldn't breathe. I almost wished I couldn't.

I had gone to the fort also the night that Ricky had died. Uncle Sid had found me wandering down by the cattle pond, cut up from briars. I don't remember anything from that night after the blue lights flashing in the alley and lighting up the big magnolia in the back corner of our yard. They told

me I was talking about bows and arrows and blood and vows when they found me. Uncle Sid had heard me yelling.

Ricky and I were supposed to go to the fort together that night. He told me his dad was drinking, and we decided to spend the night out. He went back home, though, to get his sleeping bag and pocket knife; he was supposed to meet me in ten minutes. It must have been about twenty minutes, but I figured he must be trying to sneak

him. I know he knocked him down the stairs. I know he killed Ricky. I told the lawyers what I knew, but they said I was only a traumatized ten-year-old who was having nightmares as a result of the grief. I knew the truth, but they didn't believe me.

I think more people believed me two months later when some fishermen found Mr. Chambers' body floating a few miles down the river. The police ruled it a suicide. I had hoped he had been murdered.

Mrs. Chambers disappeared after that. Everybody thinks she went to live with her sister in Gaffney, but nobody knows for sure.

For years I felt guilty and longed to go back to that year and that summer. I'd tell someone what I knew, vow or no vow. As much as I hated Mr. Chambers, I felt like I had killed Ricky. I thought I could

have changed it all, and that Ricky would still be alive.

But now I see things a little differently. I see that in a much more indirect way than Ricky, I, too, was trapped by Mr. Chambers' abuse. I see that they didn't believe me even after Ricky was dead. They wouldn't have believed me when he was still alive. They



didn't want to pry. They didn't want to believe that a respected man like Mr. Chambers could do such a thing; they didn't want to believe that maybe such a thing could happen to them. And if it did, they wanted to pretend it didn't, to whitewash it like the picket fences on Sixth Street. They didn't want neat little Abbeville shaken up. Nobody wanted to face the possibility that our community's heart could go bad. I know now that Mom had her suspicions, but Mrs. Chambers denied even the slightest hint that something was wrong.

I still wish I could go back and tell. I know now that I didn't cause Ricky to be killed. I just wish I could have done something to save him. I know that it wouldn't guarantee anything different, but maybe it could have given Ricky more of a chance.

I still think of Ricky pretty often — when I look out my back window, when I go out to Uncle Sid's, when I think that he should have been with us when we went to State in football this year. Sometimes when it rains outside I can still see two eleven-year-old boys at the Indian fort, shirts off, mud paint on, jumping and whooping under the pecan trees with our arms raised up, knowing without a doubt that our rainedance had worked. The pansies are already blooming again. Soon summer will be here, and maybe new neighbors will move into 211 West Sixth Street.

Crucifixion

Eddie Currie

I missed my chance
to be crucified.

I writhe in white cotton thorns,
Now up-looking
at my wrists against
The wood of the cross'd brown posts -
Hands, red-dry and
splinter out of sight.

Now squinting, I can't see past
All that church air -

the two thousand years -
And I have here His live blood
In this small cup,

pour'd partition'd and stare-
ing back, as one red eye would.

Fall down, cup sha-
king on crimson felt
Of the dead rug.

Prop me up sweet pew.
And keep cold hands disquieting
And eyes dropping
body, blood, and grail,
To trick a guilty mind that
Should not take su-

pper, yet does and dies
in just one small swallow.



Untitled - *Chris Robinson*

Creating the Past

John Harmon

I grew up on my family's farm in the northwest corner of Chambers County, and now live in the eight-room farmhouse which was once the home of my great-grandparents. The farm is located approximately three miles east of the Tallapoosa River and lies along the bottomlands of Pigeonroost Creek, a major tributary of the Tallapoosa.

The area surrounding the farm has a rich geological and cultural history, or perhaps more appropriately, a rich geological and cultural prehistory. The artifacts recovered from the knolls and bottomlands around the river provide evidence of human occupation in the area dating from 8000 B.C.

As my father and I worked in the fields on the farm, we occasionally found prehistoric stone artifacts in the freshly plowed soil. My curiosity about these objects and the people who made them began as a result of these childhood discoveries. Soon I began collecting projectile points, stone ornaments, and pottery in the fields, locating and recording several prominent archaeological sites on the farm.

Therefore, when I enrolled at Auburn in the summer of 1990, my choice of a curriculum was obvious. My interest in Southeastern archaeology had developed from a mild fascination into a serious preoccupation. I graduated from Auburn in the winter of 1993 with a degree in anthropol-

ogy/archaeology and minors in geography, sociology, and religion.

All the while, I continued to investigate the methods and materials used in making prehistoric stone tools and sculpture. I located a lithic (rock) source on the farm from which many of the ornamental or artistic stone artifacts were made. Oddly enough, I discovered as well that that particular outcrop of rock had been used in the mid-19th and early 20th centuries as a quarry site for tombstones.

Soon after my discovery, I started working on reproductions of the prehistoric artifacts I had already seen or found. One of my first reproductions was of a 12.5 inch stone disc recovered from the Moundville site near Tuscaloosa. The front of the disc is incised with intertwined rattlesnakes surrounding a "hand and eye" motif; the back has no design. The meaning of the design and the use of the artifact remain issues of scholarly conjecture and speculation by professional archaeologists as well as curious amateurs.

This disc is one of many items I have replicated. In addition to that disc, I have created several others with original designs, and I am especially interested in making stone pipes in both traditional and "neo-primitive" styles of my own.

To date, all my pieces have been fashioned from local lithic materials with as little mechani-

cal assistance as possible. The process is very time-consuming, as it must have been for the original craftsmen; however, I believe this process is necessary for an authentic appearance. Furthermore, the reduction process which transforms a weathered cobble of stone into a finished artifact cannot, and should not, be hurried along. This concept may well be what Eskimo craftsmen call relieving a form from the source material -- taking away everything non-essential to the artifact to liberate its natural design and form. This was an important aspect of prehistoric craftsmanship, as neolithic peoples were often forced to use the materials they found regardless of quality. In any event, there are abstract and powerful forces behind the creation of any artifact, and the intensity of those forces is what we appreciate when we admire that artifact.

I believe that the use of local source materials in artifact creation is especially important, because it gives the finished form a sense of regional perspective and uniqueness. Thus, the cultural diversity and integrity of the specific region and people is preserved. It is, therefore, my intent to create through my replications a material reflection on the events and artifacts which have marked the Southeast through thousands upon thousands of years.





Untitled - *Chris Robinson*

Excerpts from the novel

The Tongues of Men and Angels

Marian Carcache

The year Skye Pentecost came to Alabama in search of Celeste Pittman was the year a woman up around Atlanta saw Jesus in a plate of spaghetti on a "Pizza Hut" billboard and caused such an uproar that the billboard was taken down. About the same time, a lady near Birmingham reported seeing apparitions of the Blessed Virgin in a vacant lot next to her trailer, and a fisherman down around Mobile claimed he saw hordes of iridescent fishes sacrifice themselves one night when the moon was full. In the midst of all this wonder, the story of Celeste Bellflower DeLuna Pittman continued to unfold and to turn over and over in Skye Pentecost's mind until he decided to drive all the way from Texas in his rattletrap Ford to find her.

The night Skye first saw Celeste he was writing an expose on television evangelists. The year before he'd won the Green Eyeshade award for a story he'd done on prostitution. Although he was the only writer at the paper who'd ever won the prestigious eyeshade, he couldn't be satisfied until he'd won it twice, perhaps to prove that the first time hadn't been a fluke, an honor by default, or something less than wonderful. This particular night, when his mother, Rosalie, rang

her bell, summoning him to her side, breaking his train of thought, to come push her wheelchair closer to the t.v. so she could receive Brother Layman's healing touch through the screen, as fate would have it, Brother Layman didn't appear. Celeste did. Sister Celeste, the wife and sidekick of Brother Layman, the princess of the Celestial Singers. Skye maneuvered the heavy chair around the coffee table and up to the screen so his mama wouldn't miss a trick they might have up their sleeves. But then Celeste captured his own attention and he stood transfixed.

Celeste didn't wring her hands and cry the way other women preachers did. She stroked the air as she talked and seemed to be seducing an invisible lover with her strange eyes. Celeste didn't wear navy blue dresses and white shoes the way the church women Skye remembered from his childhood had done. She wore a flowing white dress that clung to her body, a garment made from a fabric that tucked itself between her legs when she walked toward the screen, outlining her hips and thighs. There was something both wonderfully carnal and strangely innocent about the holy Sister Celeste, something that promised the best of two worlds and set

Skye Pentecost on fire.

Celeste confessed to the world that she had been burning, but had found a healing balm in Gilead, and Skye felt her hands rubbing the balm on his own hot flesh. Her words were like music vibrating from harp strings. He could feel them on his skin. Then Celeste dug her fingers into his brain and would not let go. He knew he had to find her. For his expose, he told himself. For the Green Eyeshade.

"Pull me back!" demanded Rosalie. She refused to even touch Celeste's hand on the television screen. "The pulpit is no place for that woman. That viper will be the ruination of Brother Layman. Mark it down. The ruination!"

Until that night, Skye had never heard his mama say one word against any preacher; that role had been his. Rosalie was on their mailing lists, ordered their tapes, know their names and faces as well as those of neighbors and kin. Skye pointed out their grammatical errors, the faulty logic in their philosophies, but Rosalie usually had the last word. She could destroy Skye's every argument with one remark: "They keep a lonely old shut-in company while her boy is off living his own life."

And now suddenly the roles reversed. Here was Celeste, this

strange-looking woman with heart-shaped lips and clear eyes who drew Skye to the television screen, enthralled. And here was his Mama saying Celeste was a viper, bound to destroy that crazy Layman Pittman, the preacher with the crazy eyes who Skye decided hung around Celeste more like a boy dog than a man of God.

He couldn't shake her from his mind; the picture kept coming back of her preaching like an angel, making him want to reach through the screen and snatch her away from Layman Pittman, to shake her to her senses, to feel

her healing touch and to show her how healing his own could be. And yet, even that night, so many years since Rosalie had turned him against the girl he had a crush on in junior high school by saying the girl "stood with her legs too far apart and probably had the morals of a tomcat," he found himself noticing Celeste's legs as she lifted her hands to Heaven, tilting slightly backwards, saying that though she may speak with the tongues of men and angels and have the gift of prophecy and give her body to be burnt, without love, she was nothing.

She looked through that old black and white Admiral screen at Skye, looked him dead in the eyes and said, "Now we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror,

but then we shall see face to face."

When the scandal broke a few days later, when the world found out that Celeste had preached that service alone because Layman had hung himself from a cross the night before, and Celeste wasn't talking, Skye's research put him ahead of the pack. He had the groundwork already laid for his next Eyeshade, sharpened

... the girl "stood with her legs too far apart and probably had the morals of a tomcat ..."

a dozen pencils, brewed a fresh pot of coffee, but his thoughts were blocked, his hand was frozen. Celeste had her fingers in his brain. He had to talk to Celeste, to find her in the flesh.

He told Rosalie it was for the Green Eyeshade, maybe a Pulitzer now that Layman had hanged himself, but Rosalie was no fool. She knew men. And she knew women. She remembered the promises she'd made the night Skye was born and died and came back to life again. For all these years, she'd kept that promise until the night she refused to touch Sister Celeste's palm through the t.v. set. Now Skye was setting off to find Celeste. Righteous Retribution, she decided. She should've touched the woman's palm.

So Skye Pentecost changed the oil in his car and bought a dozen cans of Fix-A-Flat since he couldn't afford new tires, and set out for the Bible Belt to find the mercurial Celeste Pittman.

The sun rose over the interstate about half an hour before Skye pulled into a Shell station to buy gas and check the directions the waitress named Ouida had given him. Sounded like a character herself.

Skye tuned in a radio station, country. Hank Williams, Jr. was lamenting that he'd "looked all over hell, but Heaven couldn't be found." Skye smiled at the lyrics, thinking maybe he was doing the same thing in this God-forsaken corner of the earth — while trying to find the infamous lady evangelist who looked like an earth angel to him. What he didn't know was that if he'd arrived at the "Shell" station an hour earlier, he would've seen that the fluorescent "S" had burned out on the sign that beckoned travelers in off the interstate, leaving the word "HELL" glowing in bright orange letters....

When Skye Pentecost drove back into the Lone Star State, he felt like a Lone Star himself. A cold white light shining in the middle

of nowhere, connected to nothing. He couldn't shake Celeste, though he knew he had to. Before going home, back into the clutches of Rosalie, he checked the post office box he used for correspondence he didn't want his mother in on. Besides, post office boxes kept people at arm's length. They could find your mailbox, but not you. He liked having the private, secret mailbox. He used it to order brown wrapper items, to correspond with want-ad girls. He never dreamed he'd find the package that it held. And when he found it, he didn't go home. He called Rosalie from a phone booth and told her his car was running hot and he'd be one more night on the road. Then he checked into one more motel and began to read from the spiral bound Blue Horse notebook with worn and yellowed pages:

Celeste Bellflower's Diary —

My name is Celeste Bellflower. I was born Celestina Bellflower, but then my mama and daddy married and I became Celestina DeLuna. I was born in the river, but am an air sign. The day I was born was an especially warm one for February, and my Mama was floating on the river in a raft. My parents didn't live but a few years after that. They died and left me to be raised by my granny, who immediately changed my name back to Bellflower and did away with

Celestina, leaving me Celeste. She changed me from Catholic to Pentecostal, too, but couldn't change the fact that I was born Aquarius in a year of the Horse. Later I learned that on the day I was born Venus was in Aquarius and Mars was in Virgo. Some people say that has been the cause of the difficulties I've had with love. Others say that's just the devil talking. I don't really think my difficulties with love have been all that bad, all things considered. And besides, I'd rather have difficulties with love than no love at all....

When I was thirteen, the world was predicted to blow to bits. That was the same year a star fell through a woman's roof one Sunday night and burned the sofa she was lying on while she watched T.V. Later she said, without a trace of a smile, that she'd been watching "Circus of the Stars" when it happened. It was the same year that outlines of crosses started appearing in AME church windows, and a tornado lifted a house trailer up and let it back down across the road from where it had been, without even waking up the couple asleep inside. The same tornado wrapped a Lincoln Continental around a light pole, but didn't crack even one of the dozen eggs in a grocery bag on the back seat. The lady who owned the car thought the whole thing was a sign and wouldn't cook the eggs. She put them in a nest

inside a wire basket that was shaped like a hen and guarded them as Holy. Three of the eggs hatched roosters and she named them after famous men, but eventually Hitler pecked Mussolini to death and Roosevelt died of a heart attack. Granny built the fallout shelter that year and stocked it with dry goods. I told her that if a bomb alert went off, I was going to gather the animals, two by two, the way Noah had the last time God got mad, and take them into the shelter. Granny said she wasn't going to allow dog hair and bird feathers in her shelter, and I said I wouldn't go in either then, that I'd rather die than live in a damned old shelter where animals weren't allowed. From then on, I called the shelter "the Hell Hole" and told people who didn't know me that I'd been raised by wolves. I wished with all my heart that I had been.

I'm shivering out here in the night air. I guess fall is already on its way. But I feel almost scared, too. Of what, I'm not sure. The moon with the night clouds moving across its face like scowl lines seems to be spying into my soul and frowning at what it sees. I used to connect the moon with God somehow, and I guess God must be frowning too.

I heard a lot about God when I was growing up in Granny Bellflower's house, after my own mother and father died. I used to

believe God lived in the woods behind Granny's house, down near the river. Sometimes, late at night, after everybody else in the world had gone to sleep, I used to hear Him down there. It happened a lot in the summer when the windows were all open from the top. I used to feel guilty because it scared me to think of God out there, roaming around in the woods, knowing people's most secret thoughts.

In the woods behind the river that ran behind Granny's house was a good place for God to live, and that river was more alive to me than all the Bellflower kinfloks that lived down the road. It was the river that brought visitors from Georgia on a ferry boat and fishermen from all over the world. Once John Wayne was brought fishing and bought a Coke at Rountrees' store. For a week after that, I sat at Rountrees' from the minute they opened until they closed at night, wearing the rhinestone tiara I won for being Harvest Queen and waiting for John Wayne to come back, hoping he would make me a star. After that year, when I saw scary movies about humans being sacrificed to the gods that controlled crops, I wondered if one day I'd pay for being singled out as queen that year. The night I was crowned, the gym was decorated with scarecrows and jack-o'-lanterns and skeletons that glowed in the dark. In Granny's view, the world was

always on the brink of disaster anyway.

Any time word got out that a prisoner had escaped from jail, Granny was sure he'd follow the river, wading in it to lose the bloodhounds, all the way to her house where he'd rape and mutilate her and me, but I loved the times of escaped convicts, the excitement and danger. I used to want to rescue them and save them from their fate at the hands of the sheriff. Once when I was a child I asked Granny what would happen if a convict ran up on God down by the river and God forgave him and baptized him on the spot — what would the sheriff do then about putting him back in jail? Granny had told me that God didn't take any truck with lawbreakers, that if He found one at the river He'd drown it then and there and send it straight to the Pit of Hell where it came from in the first place. That didn't sound right, but I held my tongue the way I did when Granny carried on about the Indians who used to live on the river, on the very spot that Granny rented out to farmers to grow corn and peanuts on. I used to go to the freshly plowed fields and search for arrowheads and broken pieces of pottery. Sometimes I'd look up from sifting the hot field dirt through my fingers just in time to see an Indian turn back into a brown and rustly stalk of corn, but even when the Indian disappeared, I could

still clutch the misshapen arrowhead and know he'd been there. God was harder to find evidence on when I was growing up. And I was enthralled by people who claimed to have seen Him or to "know" Him or "walk with" Him.

Where the river came up in a big creek in an open field down the road from Granny's house, the state had installed a picnic area with cement tables and it attracted what Granny called 'a bad element.' Every spring for several years, hundreds of motorcycle riders, wearing black leather and chains, converged on the field to swim and drink liquor and listen to music. At night you could hear their music and their revving motors from Granny's back porch. They sounded like hordes of insects come to eat the community. One year I talked to one of them at Rountree's store — a boy who said to call him Blade — and he convinced me to climb out the window and come down to the pasture late that night. When I got there, he put his arm around me and kissed me all over my neck as we sat on the riverbank and drank whiskey straight out of a bottle. He told me that he had seen God before, and that God was pretty pissed off with the way folks were handling His Word. I wanted to know more, but he just kept on kissing me, so I let him. The next morning the news was all over that sometime during the night one of the motorcyclists had

walked into the river and never come back. When the sheriff dragged his body out the next morning, a hypodermic syringe and a hundred dollar bill were in his bluejeans pocket. I went into mourning over that boy, never knowing if he had been the one who had kissed me or not, but grieving for him just

the same. After all, it made sense that God might appear to a person He planned to kill in the river. Then I wondered if maybe God had sent that boy for me to befriend and save, and that I'd failed them both. Or

if maybe the boy had died because he had kissed the Queen of the Harvest, if I'd given him the Kiss of Death. The bongo drums sounded all night after he died, echoing on the water, and bonfires were lighted all along the creekbank and reflected in the water. It's only now, all these years later, that it makes me think of the Indians that used to sit along the creekbank by campfires and pound drums made of animal skins. I didn't think of it that night, not till all these years later. That night it just gave me chill bumps and made me think of something older and scarier than the Indians, something that had me in its thrall, but which I couldn't name.

After that year, the state closed the picnic area and the vines grew up, and once during a storm, lightning struck a tree and it fell across the cement tables, crushing them so that what was left looked like broken tombstones sticking up through the vines. I used to pretend that the boy was

The same tornado wrapped a Lincoln Continental around a light pole, but didn't crack even one of the dozen eggs in a grocery bag on the back seat.

buried there, and on Sundays I would sneak down to the field and gaze at his grave, imagining that there had been more between us than there actually had been. Late one Sunday afternoon, I came upon the African Methodist Episcopalans in their Sunday white, holding a baptism service in the creek down by the old picnic area. I kept my distance and watched. Raising their trembling arms to heaven and chanting words I couldn't make out, they looked like spirits come back to mourn the dry bones in the Valley of the Dead.

That was where I grew up: in the Valley of the Dead. And as I grew older, I couldn't stand it. My dream of being a movie star or marrying royalty, or a priest, or a

convict — somebody I could save or who could save me — just weren't coming true. I had to get out, I thought, or I would suffocate under it, the kudzu would creep up on me at night and strangle me while I slept. Brother Prophett was the first man I thought would save me, but he just baptized me

in the river, and laid with me in the sawdust under his tent, and left. So I had to get out by myself. I wondered what would have happened if I'd stayed, if I would've found God in the woods by the river that ran behind Granny's

house.

All these years later, I can still smell the narcotic odors of bourbon and leather when I remember the motorcyclist with 'Hell's Angel' tattooed on his chest, the boy who called himself Blade, but who might just as well have called himself Layman. And I grieve for them both. I grieve also for my father, Roberto, and my mother, Clair, from whom Granny Bellflower says I inherited my hard head and weak knees where men were concerned. It was the river that brought Roberto to Clair, and it was the river that gave them me...

Dinosaurs Are Us

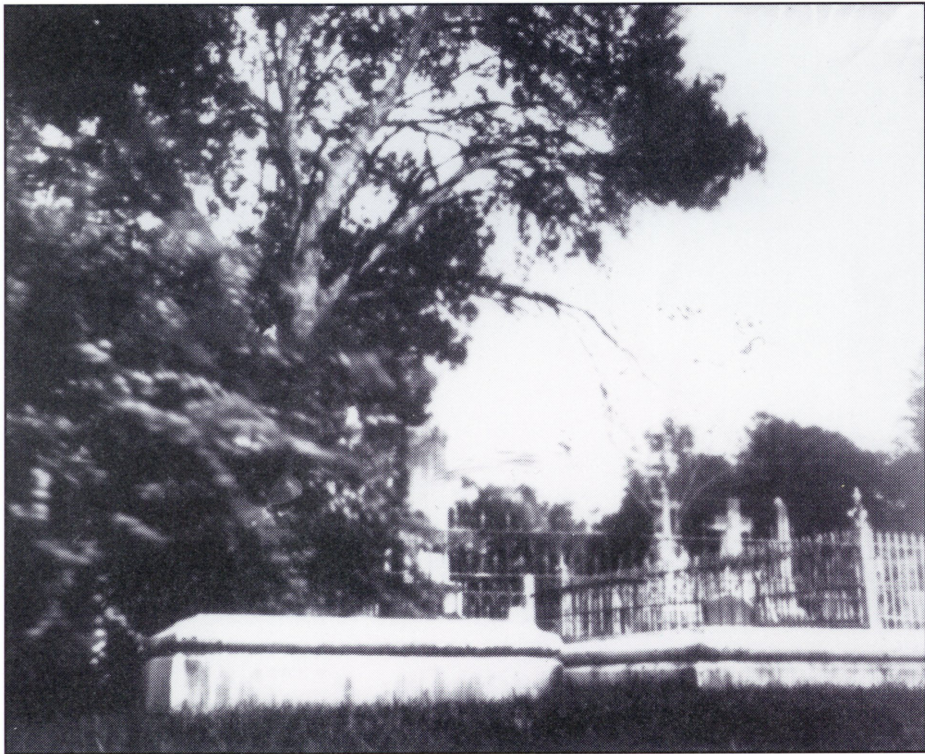
Jeremy Downes

I speed past another marquee,
observe that the dinosaurs are still ahead
among those competing for ecological niches:
summer's carnage to bring us out of academic torpor
suckling our young on reptiles' eggs and ambered chromosomes.

I was young once, fell in with dinosaurs,
a child's perennial fascination; the mind was grounded
in fossil happenstance, the tarpits of infancy.
Any psychoanalyst told you this cave-dweller,
this Machiavel, this Narcissus thus lived out
its phantasies: rage, parental exclusion, extinction and the rest.

That they were I, I they, I could not have told you;
pronouns but poorly reflect us.
But take a whole culture
— constantly locked in whale's-belly dark —
watch it web itself in these millennial dreams,
perennial phantasies, verging always back and forth
upon the sedimented ledge of accidental suicide.

Oh yes. Dinosaurs are us.
One of my mates says "yes, of course."
But which of us articulates — and how — this slick extinctive thrill?
Unspeakable therefore the gas-pedal plunges
— six-cylinder breakneck down bottled expressway —
the car and I a guzzling omnivore, racing asphalt into our
meteoric afternoon, an afternoon bordered with ancient grasses,
floored with jurassic parquet.



Untitled - Molly E. Clark



Untitled - Chris Novack

Sect

R. T. Smith

New Lebanon

At last, I have come to the still village
where the chaste Shakers worked and slept,
and here it is almost winter,
no more waste than scripture,
sheep sorrel still breath-taking
in the town square, junipers fringing the rim.

Beyond the museum threshold
a table is casting its shadow,
a row of chairs is suspended on pegs.
Quilts of immaculate pattern
enclose an even stitch. Hoe and loom and harrow,
the camphor scone and single candle —
all bear the signature of Mother Ann's sect.

No extravagance. No dust.
The man-forked clothespins lie
beside a spartan psalter,
and I can almost hear their famous anthem
sanding the honey-gold rafters — the gift
to be simple, to be free.
A scythe could whisper it to corn.

Renegade Quakers, they took
the steel of adze and needle
into their dreams and made
whaat these displays label "craft."
I'd call it "exact devotion." Too pure
for this century, they shunned
the body's hungers and diminished, light
dying in the needle's eye.

Standing on a pine floor
sawn and shaved by reverent hands,
I can admire the gift of fervor,
the faith in healing by touch,
yet cannot envy their hard bargain
with God, their promise
to be virtue's monsters.

Outside again, beside the tidy fence,
where unruly mullein and shrift volunteer,
is it wind from junipers
and changing maples
or my own heart's edge
that makes me look back and shiver so?
I too have devoted too much to order,
the immaculate and severe.

If there's still time for forgiveness,
I will praise the imperfect
and blemished, beginning here.

A Bang Up Job

Jennifer Dickey

My wife Rachel has a huge calendar that hangs beside the front door, with a black marker on a string that is attached to a nail, so she won't lose it. She is one of those people who feels that she has to mark off the day with thick black slashes after it is over. But she doesn't even wait until the day is over; she slashes the day out as soon as she gets home from her job at her uncle's flower shop, which is around six every night. It's one of the first things she does, after throwing down her coat and keys and checking the machine. It's like watching someone punch in at work; as if coming home to me is work.

"Why do you do that?" I asked her once.

"To let myself know I've made it through another day," she answered. "Where in the week I stand."

"Yeah, but why do you do that at six o'clock — the day isn't even over yet. That would seem like bad luck to me," I told her.

"Well, Scott, it's the only time I think about it. And you know I don't believe in luck. Good or bad." She paused. "Things just happen."

She patted her stomach and sliced her marker through another day. It's December. I notice that she's drawn a crude snowman, well, a crude snow

woman, in one of the corners of the calendar. The snow woman is very pregnant and its hands, two forked sticks, are up in the air, as if astonished. There's an arrow pointing to the swollen snow stomach with "BABY" underneath the arrow.

Rachel and I discovered she was pregnant after going out for almost two months. I decided it was time to take responsibility for things, being almost thirty years old now, and Rachel was a good person. I had waited until she graduated from high school to ask her out, having met her in March of last year, when she still had a few more months to go with her education.

We met because her brother ran his car into mine. He had been staring up at the Sherwin-Williams sign on the side of the road, arguing with his sister that the red paint covering the world on the sign was repulsive and upsetting.

"Looks like blood!," he was shouting at her, "They cover the world, all right! With symbols of death! What kind of business are they running, anyway?"

He's not the most rational guy a person's ever met.

Philip is about the same age as me, but other than that we don't have that much in common. He's an uptight guy. He was all

bent out of shape and kept looking at the ground, muttering under his breath, saying things like, "Oh no, Jesus Lord, what am I gonna..."

I wasn't particularly upset. His car had gotten the most damage and I decided to calm the poor guy down. After we reported the accident, we found a booth at a nearby restaurant and quickly settled things.

With two weeks left until Christmas, Rachel's really starting to show, being at five months and all.

"Rach, baby, you've really started to pooch on out there."

This was today.

"Thanks, Scott. I really appreciate it." She's gotten into this pregnancy thing more than I thought she would. She's become obsessed with knowing exactly what the baby looks like in all its stages of development. On the refrigerator door she's taped a magazine article she found; it has all the stages of development photographed, from week one to the very end. She must have torn it out of something like LIFE or National Geographic. It grosses me out at times, mainly the early pictures with the tiny veins in the kid. When it looks like a raw chicken, you understand.

"Let's do something special tonight. I'm feeling lousy." She

lowers herself down on the couch. "Like go out to eat or something."

"Nope, we do that too much already." I was joking. Rachel and I hardly ever went out anymore. Ever since she found out she was pregnant, anything deemed extra was out of the question. She came home the other day with her coat pockets full of napkins she had gotten at the Hardees. She had some ketchup packets as well. I had told her, "You know, we're the kind of people they have in mind when they put those big rolls of toilet paper in locked boxes in bathrooms."

That was the day Conway Twitty died. She had told me that when they were kids, they had been on a car trip to Nashville and Phillip had kept on and on about "Think about what Conway Twitty's name would have been like without that W! Just think!"

Rachel said that the entire time she was thinking, "Con-ay? What's wrong with that?"

We live near the interstate, near the Exit 278 sign for Sulphur, Louisiana. Across the street from our little duplex is a piano shop, The Blue Piano Company. When we first moved here, so Rachel could work with her Uncle Eddie, I had thought that the place sold blue pianos. But they don't, just regular black and brown ones. Your average piano. The family who runs it, their last name is Blue. I walked over there to mill about one day and told them that their name was misleading. They

didn't seem to care much for what I thought. They just knew from looking at me that I wasn't a guy who was about to buy a piano.

The only tunes you'll ever hear in there are piano versions of songs with "blue" in the title — "Blue Moon", "Baby's Got Blue Eyes", "Gonna Make My Brown Eyes Blue", you know it.

I asked if they ever played any Blues Brothers once, and the owner's daughter, Amy Blue, acting as salesgirl, looked at me and said, "Whut?"

She's not old enough to know who the Blues Brothers are anyway.

What I like best about the place is the life-size piano that is attached to a large pole that reaches from the top of the roof for, I don't know, high enough so people can see it from the interstate. At night this piano is illuminated by blue neon that runs its outline. Sometimes from our bed at night, I stare at that piano shining its blue light, like some crazy star of Bethlehem.

At my left Rachel sleeps flat on her back, her stomach appearing to get bigger every day; a larger mound under that white bedspread every night it seems.

Things have gotten really bad lately, financially, like I stated before. We've started to eat some of our dinners at the Amoco Trucker's Foodstop, where I work, so I can use my Amoco card and get my discount, putting off paying until the last possible minute.

Rachel, she's been an angel about all of this, though I wish I could say the same thing about her family, Phillip in particular.

"Scott, old man," he tells me at Thanksgiving, "you've done a real good job getting my family, my sister into a mess like this...a bang up job, if I may say so." He had snickered and had tried to elbow a cousin in the ribs, who was sitting beside him at the table. He only succeeded in making the cousin spill his iced tea.

Rachel's mother doesn't say much to me or to anyone. Rachel says she's just quiet, but I suspect she's slow or something. She stays out of the room a lot when we do go over there, which isn't often. Usually it's just us two, with Phillip and their dad, James.

James told me to call him James; I'm not being a jerk by calling him his first name instead of Dad. He made sure I knew not to call him Dad.

"I have enough kids. Two of them. I don't need any more, Scott, you understand?" James had told me that same Thanksgiving. "So you just call me James. No Dad. You're closer to my age than Rachel's last boyfriend was anyway, it would be ridiculous to be called Dad..."

He had gone on and on. I didn't particularly enjoy him bringing up Rachel's last boyfriend, Rodney. Rodney was nineteen and I had recently found an old book cover from her junior year that had "Rodney and Rachel"

written in flowery pink cursive all over it. It was in a cardboard box in the closet with "HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES" written in black marker all over it.

Rachel keeps too many things. She's what my deceased parents would have called a packrat. I call her irresponsible for leaving stuff like that for me to find. Rodney never would have taken care of her if he had gotten her pregnant. Rachel had known this too, she told me once.

As we were putting up our tree tonight, a tree that her Uncle Eddie had given us, she realized that she hadn't marked the day off on her calendar yet. I had hugged her when she came in the door at six so I guess I threw her off. She maneuvered herself between the boxes of glass bulbs and red garland to get to the calendar. Once there she stopped, the black marker motionless in her hand. From where I sat I could see the blue piano glowing in the night. From the angle I was at it seemed to be sitting on the very top of our tree.

"I think I'll start marking the days off in the morning, marking off the day that's over, of course." Rachel put her marker down. "Not that I believe in luck or anything."

"Yes, I know." I motioned for her. "Things just seem to happen."

"M-hmm." Rachel pulled her sweater up over her stomach. I put my ear to it and listened. "They sure do."

Americana Apts. of Euclid - Perched on Lake Erie

Van Muse

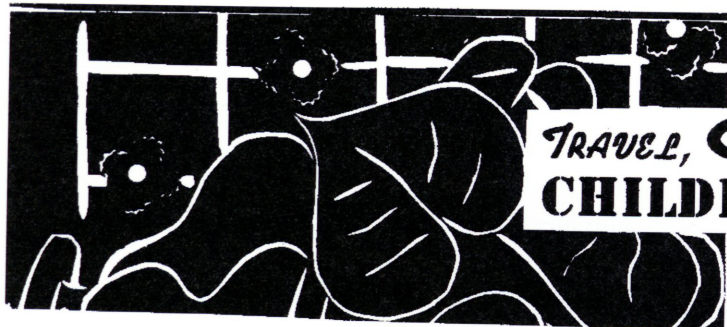
They will come:
persistent as virus
pounding door until
it yields,
like a cell imploding upon itself.

I spread jelly on the kitchen floor
smoothing the sticky grape friction
a mindfield of condiment
and cradle spatula and whisk
forged with melted crayola
this time I will
say pledge
of allegiance and prayer of lords
thirteen times in succession.

I talk through cracks
this wall leads past
seventeen
stories
full with isolation
gunshots keep us warm
Sears iron deadbolt
and rickety chain
they come at 3
humtruth that will not save
hide

A note has crawled under my
door,
it informs: they're coming backwards this time.
Are you ready
to heave banshee from north pole
into your homeroomtown -
this battle has become
like the sound of water crashing
on top of more water
hideous stream
a cascade of endless completion -

Can I swim if I jump far enough?



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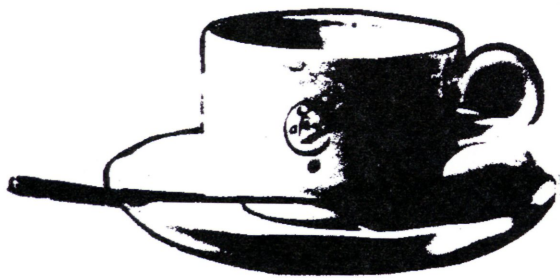
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C o n t r i b u t o r s

Marian Carcache is an Auburn alumna with a Ph.D. in English literature. She has published fiction, photography, and critical articles in *The Chattahoochee Review*, *Caesura*, *Due South*, *Popular Music and Society*, *Journal of Popular Literature*, and *Mississippi Quarterly*, among others. She has written the libretto for the opera *Under the Arbor*, which appeared on Alabama Public Television during the 1993 season and has been picked up by PBS stations nationwide. The story on which the opera was based appeared in the Winter 1994 issue of *The Circle*.

R.T. Smith, who teaches poetry at Auburn, has published poems in journals including *Poetry Now*, *The Southern Poetry Review*, *Sou'wester*, *Kansas Quarterly*, and others. He has also received the John Masefield Poetry Award, The Carl Sandburg Poetry Award, and grants from the Millay Colony for the Arts, the Ossabaw Foundation, The Wurlitzer Foundation, and the Appalachian Consortium.

Van Muse suffer from the two-fold paranoid delusion that he is not only the love-child of William Burroughs, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Allen Ginsberg, but he is slowly turning into a dung beetle as well.

Jennifer Dickey is a senior in English. She spends her free time wondering exactly what it was her ancestors did for a living to get such a name. She hopes they were in the shirt business.

Jay Pogonis is a senior in English, and when told he had to write a bio, he said, "I'm just this guy, you know?"

Isabelle Wells is a junior in public relations who has great difficulty coming up with clever bios.

Jeremy Downes is a literature and creative writing instructor in the English department.

Eddie Currie is a senior in English who is fond of Faulkner and pleased by poetry but is going for the big bucks as a barrister.

Jeremy Jones, who graduated this spring with a degree in English, is now living in Colorado Springs and spending every spare moment in the mountains.

Elaine Posanka, 09EH, having recently completed her MA thesis in poetry, is now pursuing a PhD in Colonial American Literature at Auburn. She teaches freshman composition and spent last summer in Saudi Arabia with the Air National Guard.

Chris Robinson is a junior in architecture and a reformed conservative who is now a nomadic teepee maker.

Chris Novack is somebody, but we don't know who.

Molly Clark is a sophomore from Wilmer, Alabama, majoring in interior design. She likes Sylvia Plath, Gustav Klimt, and old cemeteries.

John Harmon is a privately employed archaeological consultant living in Penton, Alabama, a remote hamlet near Lafayette. He graduated from Auburn in the winter of 1993 with a degree in archaeology/anthropology.

Scott Godwin is a co-photo editor of the *Glomerata*.

Richard Reading was a graduate student in community planning. We don't know who he is now.

Ashley Wright is overcommitted.

Bob McWhirter is a long-suffering design director who deserves a special mention.

